Show, Don't Tell

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Show, Don't Tell

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Summary

“The bedroom,” Hannibal murmured.

“Do you have the patience to get there?”

In answer, Hannibal gripped the backs of Will’s thighs and hoisted him up, settling him onto the kitchen island.

After the fall... Will makes Hannibal wait. Just... to see what he would do.

Notes

For a lovely friend who requested another cake for the cake table XD we loved writing this for you lovely!

See the end of the work for more notes

There had been a single kiss, frantic, messy, biting. At the base of the cliff, hair plastered to their faces by salt water, Hannibal had let his composure drop for one brilliant moment.

Will had tasted like copper and rage, his skin icy from the water when Hannibal cupped his cheek.

But then there had been things to do. Wounds to bandage. Identities to change. Flights to catch. They hadn't had a moment to breathe until they were safely flying over the Atlantic Ocean, and at that point they'd both passed out.

They'd arrived at their new home in a haze of jet lag and irritability. It took two days for either of them to be ready to do anything more than curl up in their shared bed and sleep.

And then…

There was a familiarity to the way Will acted. A clever sharpness to his words.

But he didn't reach for Hannibal. Not even when they laid down beside each other for the night.

What he did do was stretch, deliciously and slowly, every morning. Sitting on the edge of the bed with his legs out and toes pointed, arms up over his head so every muscle was in stark relief.

What he did do was start an exercise regimen, initially to return his body to working order, and after to keep himself fit. Will would jog for an hour every morning, returning flushed and trembling, sweat beading on his brow and on his top lip. Once, he'd asked if Hannibal wanted to join him. Hannibal hadn't had the words at the time and had merely shaken his head. He didn't know if he would be able to control himself if he was running alongside Will, with his shirt tucked into his back pocket, his hair bouncing in tantalizing curls.

While Will did not reach for Hannibal, Hannibal found himself unable to reach for Will either. There was something that always stopped him, something that felt like a hand against his mouth, doubt that turned his limbs to lead when he tried to lift them. Perhaps he had imagined their attraction? Perhaps he had allowed his own feelings to overwhelm him and found reciprocation where there had been none?

They had spent so much of their time together shrouded in metaphor, had lashed out at the other, cut, bled, imprisoned them in hopes they would be able to sever and forget, yet neither had.

Once in a while, Hannibal wondered if he had imagined the kiss itself, if he had been so feverish and adrenaline-hot that he'd fallen into fantasy.

Other times, Hannibal caught himself on the thought that Will knew exactly what he was doing to him with his body, with his soft little groans and breathless sounds as he exerted himself putting up a bookshelf.

Cruelty was not beyond Will. It was a trait Hannibal had specifically coveted in him. To have Will's cruelty aimed at him would be a glorious thing, as much as it would torment Hannibal.

But then Will would tilt his head so innocently at the dinner table, would dodge flirtatious comments as if Hannibal hadn't spoken to them.

If he never laid his hands on Will Graham again, Hannibal would ache, deep within himself. But the happiness that pervaded this new life together would still stand strong. Hannibal would take Will in cruelty and chastity a thousand times over, rather than return to the solitary confinement that had characterized the last three years.

Hannibal still knew which he'd prefer, though.

"Perhaps you could join me in the kitchen?" he suggested to Will one night. He could see the look in Will's eyes, the understanding of exactly what Hannibal was offering. Intimacy, closeness. As close as Hannibal could get without reaching out.

"Do you think you can share your space?" Will asked.

"I've done so once before."

Neither of them pointed out that the last time they'd cooked together, it had been Will's turn to lie about the origins of the meat.

This time there was no lie necessary. Hannibal had hunted since the fall, and Will had watched him choose his cuts of meat and which organs to keep before meticulously taking care of the "leftovers". Tonight they were working on lungs.

"You need to press the air out of them," Hannibal was explaining as he walked around behind Will, gathering a tea towel, a bowl, some knives for them. He set them out carefully by the chopping block. Will had to resist turning one just a little so it wasn't parallel with the rest. "The meat in lungs is delicate, it should melt in your mouth when properly cooked."

Will laughed and shook his head, but listened. Hannibal showed him how to properly work the meat, using the heel of his hand to massage the organ. It looked almost like slowed down CPR, on a pair of lungs that would never breathe again. It was fascinating. When Hannibal stepped back to let Will try, he immediately enveloped Will in an embrace, arms around him, hands on the backs of Will's to guide him in the motion.

It was the closest they'd come since they had dragged themselves from the sea. Will could feel the way Hannibal craved him, the warmth that radiated from him.

Hannibal guided WIll's hands through a few presses, his thumb rubbing an almost absent-minded circle into the bone of Will's wrist. His next sentence came slow and lagging.

"Just… like this."

He sounded drunk off their closeness. Will swallowed, his own skin breaking out into goosebumps.

This was what he'd wanted. He'd wanted Hannibal to drown in his desperation, to want him so badly that he trembled with it.

Will had expected it to affect him too, but he hadn't quite been prepared for how desire would pool inside him. He leaned backwards, feeling the warmth of Hannibal's chest along his spine.

Their breathing was in sync, Will could feel Hannibal's pulse tick up a notch, though it was still much slower than Will's own. He could feel the outline of Hannibal's cock growing harder in his slacks, pressing up against Will's ass.

Will wanted it. He wanted Hannibal. But he wanted Hannibal to work for it, to swallow his pride, to *ask.* He wanted to have Hannibal as vulnerable as when he'd knelt in the snow outside of Wolf Trap and looked him in the eyes as Jack arrested him. He wanted Hannibal to beg in words, not just in actions, not just in the eager, desperate glances he gave Will.

Will sighed and set his hands against the counter, no longer working on the meat. Hannibal hardly seemed to care, turning his face to nose against Will's throat, pressing dry lips to the skin after in a ghost of a kiss. Will tilted his head back, let his eyes slip closed, arched his back enough to rub up against Hannibal's cock.

Hannibal made a sound, low and purring warm beneath Will's skin. He set his hands against Will's hips, just holding him still as he rocked against him, a hint of what he wanted to do, the ultimate trust shown in how deftly he restrained himself.

Will had to give him credit, he was doing very well. And Will was tempted, he was so, so tempted. He bit his lip, let his brows furrow just a little, before letting out a trembling breath and easing closer to the counter again, hands on the lungs as though nothing had distracted him.

Hannibal was not prone to whines and whimpers, the various sounds of disappointment most people might make.

But Will heard the catch of his breath, felt the way his hands tightened ever so briefly on Will's hips.

"What comes next?" Will asked, voice soft and unassuming.

For a moment, it seemed that Hannibal would tell him. That he would continue to guide Will through the steps, preparing the meal. That they would settle on opposite sides of the table, raise a glass towards each other.

And then Hannibal's hands tightened again, and he whirled Will around to face him, pressing him back against the counter.

"How long?" Hannibal whispered, his voice a rumble against Will's throat. "How long will you do this to me, Will?

Will's smile spread wide, and he let his hands rest on Hannibal's arms, feeling the tension humming beneath his skin; a predator about to pounce, he held himself like a concealed blade.

"How long will you stop yourself from asking?" Will replied after a while, raising an eyebrow when Hannibal pulled back and met his eyes. "How long will you stop yourself from taking?"

Hannibal's breath tickled Will's lips, so close, and warm, and familiar. Will had fallen asleep to the ebb and flow of Hannibal's breathing against his shoulders for months now, he found he couldn't rest without it there, his new pendulum.

Hannibal moved too quickly for Will to catch, too smoothly to follow, and pressed their lips together in a clumsy kiss. A moment to adjust, both tilting their heads just so, in sync here as everywhere, before their mouths met properly, open and hot, tongues meeting in the middle.

Will gripped Hannibal's hair, smiling into the kiss, eyes closed, allowing his other senses to guide him here. Hannibal's pulse, his smell, the panting beat of his breathing, the last spicy taste of wine on his tongue…

"I want you," Hannibal growled.

"I know."

"Now."

Will laughed, he couldn't help it, gripping Hannibal's hair tighter, his other hand grasping his arm just above the elbow.

"Ask me," he breathed.

"Will."

"Ask." Will's lips brushed Hannibal's. They shared breaths, heartbeats. They shared an intimacy beyond any Will had ever known.

"Will, please. Let me have you. Let me touch you."

Will grinned, eyes slipping shut once more, body going lax against the counter. "Go ahead."

Hannibal lunged, again. Will might have expected grace from Hannibal, the sort of lovemaking that came with rose petals on silk sheets.

But Hannibal was *starving* . He devoured Will, nipping at his lips, pawing impatiently at his shirt until the bottom button popped off and the fabric gave way to scarred skin.

Will moaned, a helpless shuddering sound, as Hannibal's palm spread over his belly. He had barely any sensation there anymore, with the scar tissue that criss crossed over him, that had threatened more than once to be the last stroke to do him in. None ever had. He hadn't let them.

Now, Hannibal held him there as though he owned him, as though he alone had the right to touch. And he did. No one else had earned it, no one else had pushed Will and given back so much. No one else had ever crawled under Will's skin, and into his mind, like he did to so many others.

He pushed back, almost fighting Hannibal for control, to get them away from the counter, towards the island where they weren't in danger of upsetting dinner or landing on a knife. Will pawed at Hannibal just as desperately, uncaring for the tie he wore, or how crooked it lay when Will shoved it aside to get his hands on the buttons of his shirt.

When he broke the kiss, Will ducked his head to suck a bruise against Hannibal's jaw, possessive and harsh, groaning when he felt Hannibal tremble at the sensation. Will felt feral, he felt wild, he felt alive.

"The bedroom," Hannibal murmured.

"Do you have the patience to get there?"

In answer, Hannibal gripped the backs of Will's thighs and hoisted him up, settling him onto the kitchen island. He guided him to lay back, pulling the rest of the buttons free to bare Will's chest.

Will laughed, one arm thrown over his eyes as Hannibal placed a sucking kiss just below his navel.

Hannibal's fingers found the button of Will's jeans, and Will reached down to snag them.

"No, wait, I *like* these pants. Be gentle with them."

There was no gentleness to the kiss Hannibal gave him in response, his teeth sharp against Will's lower lip.

"I can buy you more pants," he whispered, but he freed the button without any further incident, drawing Will's zipper down and coaxing him to raise his hips.

Will moaned, his smile so wide it narrowed his eyes. He shivered as bare skin touched the cool island, and Hannibal's hands were immediately beneath his lower back, one palm spread wide and warm there, arching him off the counter as Hannibal kissed over the mess of scars on his torso.

"Fuck," Will sighed. Hannibal nipped at his skin. In warning, in promise, it didn't matter anymore; the sensation filled Will's cock and quickened his breathing. He wrapped one leg around Hannibal's middle, pulling him closer as Will levered up onto his elbows and reached out to him.

"Come here," he murmured, cupping the back of Hannibal's head as they kissed again, as Hannibal tugged Will down on the island until Hannibal's cock could rub against Will's, a teasing, deliberate rut. "You're beautiful when you suffer."

"You're cruel."

Will’s grin was vicious and he tensed the muscles in his stomach to hold himself up as he brought his free hand forward to work Hannibal’s shirt off his shoulders.

“Let’s have a level playing field for once,” Will murmured.

Hannibal let Will work him out of his clothing, kicking his pants aside to join Will’s. Will immediately reached for his ass, and Hannibal hid a smile against his shoulder.

“I have waited for *three years* ,” Will growled. “Don’t you dare laugh at me.”

Hannibal turned to kiss the frown from Will’s lips. “Never,” he promised.

Hannibal was hard and hot against him. Will reached between them to touch, to feel the friction as they rutted together. It was a little too dry, a little too rough, and in that way it was perfect. When Hannibal pulled away, Will nearly snarled at him.

“Let me help,” Hannibal said, kissing his way down Will’s chest.

Will would be a liar if he claimed to never have imagined this.

He had gone through phases of wondering what sort of lover Hannibal would be. In the beginning, he'd thought Hannibal would just be boring in bed. A man so ostentatious on the outside was most likely dull on the inside. Then he'd thought Hannibal would be a selfish lover, lording his power over a partner.

But the closer they got, the more Will realized that if the two of them, Hannibal would be the selfless one. He'd be the one dedicated to bringing Will his pleasure, making sure he was taken care of and given everything he deserved and more in bed.

So Will let him. He spread his knees for Hannibal to sink between, groaned when Hannibal sucked Will's cock between his lips and wet the shaft. He bit his lip and grasped Hannibal's hair when he teased the head next, lips and tongue and teeth making Will leak precome.

"You look good down there," Will managed, his voice breaking just a little at the end when Hannibal hummed and looked up.

That was worse, brown eyes wide and knowing. Seeing through Will, to the need he’d carried for too long.

Knowledge was always Hannibal’s greatest platter, and Will felt as though he’d been sliced open, insides on display.

He’d never been so hard in his life.

“Fuck.” Will let his head drop back, the marble countertop supporting him as Hannibal worked him over with an expert tongue. He knew just where to linger, when to suck. Will’s thighs began to quiver as he clenched them around Hannibal’s shoulders.

“Stop, stop,” Will groaned, tugging at Hannibal’s hair. “I want this to last.”

He knew Hannibal wanted to savor him, wanted to bring Will over as many times as he was physically able, but Will wanted that in bed, upstairs, where he could stretch out languid and lazy after, linen limbs seeking over Hannibal's back.

Now, he groaned and clenched his teeth in pleasure as Hannibal took his time letting Will's cock slip from his mouth. When he was close enough to reach, Will yanked him in to kiss again.

"D'you have any idea how hard it was resisting you?" Will asked him, legs wrapping tight around Hannibal's hips. "The way you look at me, Hannibal, *fuck."*

Hannibal reached past him, fingers seeking blindly until they folded around a bottle of oil. Will could feel the vibration of it dragging against the counter and shivered.

"I want you in me," Will whispered. "Deep as you can fucking go."

Hannibal didn't answer in words. He let go of Will long enough to work the bottle open and pour some of the undoubtedly expensive contents onto his fingers. Then he reached down between them, slick fingers teasing Will's hole.

One finger, two. Will was shaking by the time Hannibal nudged a third at his entrance, coaxing him to relax, to welcome Hannibal into his body. Hannibal curled his fingers, a flutter of pressure against Will's prostate that had him gasping.

"Ready," Will whispered, but Hannibal seemed reluctant to part from him. He nuzzled under Will's jaw, grazing sharp teeth against Will's pulse. For a moment, Will thought Hannibal would sink his teeth into Will's flesh. For a moment, Will wanted to let him.

Hannibal tormented him a few minutes later, until Will's moans had tipped upwards in pitch and he began to nudge at Hannibal with his knees.

"Come on," Will gasped. "Get inside me. Don't you want to be?"

Hannibal's lips trailed up Will's jaw, until he could nip lightly at the lobe of his ear. "I'm already inside you," he whispered, "and you in me."

Will snorted. "Sentimental bastard," but he couldn't deny how true that was. Both had fundamentally changed the other, both had left physical scars, had left mental ones. Both had become so codependent that the thought of being without the other was unbearable.

He wrapped his arms over Hannibal's shoulders and held onto him as Hannibal continued to tease, to stretch Will with clever fingers. Then they were gone, and for a moment Will felt painfully empty, like he couldn't even breathe, until Hannibal lined himself up and started to press into him slowly, filling him up again.

Will had always been sensitive to others' needs; in bed and outside of it, but right then he felt like a conduit for pleasure. He felt his own, he felt Hannibal's, coursing through him like a drug. He gasped as Hannibal filled him much more than his fingers had, and heard

Hannibal's gasp in answer. He whined, moaned, begged Hannibal with breathless non-words to touch him, to never let him go.

When Hannibal fully settled within him, he pressed his forehead to Will's just breathing him in. Will licked his lips.

"Don't go gentle on me now," he murmured, grinning when Hannibal shook his head slowly, the motion coming across like a nuzzle in their proximity.

"I wouldn't dream of it,"

He pulled back, slow, inch by inch, Will's body instinctively clenching to try and keep him inside. When he rocked forward again, Will's entire body jolted along the counter, a gasp ripping from his throat.

Hannibal laughed, *laughed* , breathless and beautiful. His broad hands found Will's hips, dragging him back towards him.

"Don't run away now," he teased, rocking so deep inside Will that Will could barely stand it. Will reached for him, nails sharp against Hannibal's skin as he gripped tight to his biceps.

It reminded him, bizarrely, of being stabbed. Of Hannibal carving into him, being so deep within that Will thought he would never fully be rid of him.

But this time, rather than hollow emptiness, Will felt joy. He laughed, as well, eyes damp, and wrapped a leg around Hannibal's hips to haul him in closer.

It was a rough joining, not brutal but inelegant. Will's back stuck to the marble, the angle wasn't quite right for proper delicious penetration, but it was perfect for them. The first consummation of their desperation and need. Will let his voice echo through the house, unashamed in his pleasure. He begged, dropping all pretence of pride, he dropped a hand between his legs to stroke himself up slowly, bringing himself closer and closer to orgasm as Hannibal watched.

Will realized he liked being watched.

He knew that from every moment Hannibal had gazed at him, from the time they were in Baltimore to the moments Will teased out here, but now it was even more powerful, even more vibrant to be seen this way.

Vulnerable and open in his delight, in his greed for it. Will stroked himself almost painfully fast until he came hard enough to cover his chest, up to his chin. Above him, Hannibal cursed and bent down to lick a drop from Will's nipple.

Dinner would have to wait, now, there was no way in hell that they would be able to keep their hands off each other for long enough to make what Hannibal had had in mind at the beginning of the evening. As he neared his own release, Hannibal caught Will's face with both hands and kissed him, absolutely starved for him.

Will kissed back, until his smile pulled too wide for the kiss to hold. He moaned as he felt Hannibal fill him up, hips stuttering from their rhythm, breath catching enough for Will to hear.

They lingered like that, chest to chest, mouth to mouth. Their kisses had become sloppy, shared breaths, and Will let out a lingering, mournful sigh when Hannibal pulled back.

Hannibal's hands skimmed down his sides. Two fingers probed at Will's entrance, where he was sore and dripping, until Will finally made a noise of complaint and clamped his thighs shut around Hannibal's wrist.

"Don't tease," he said. "As soon as I can move again, it's your turn."

"You tormented me for weeks," Hannibal reminded him.

Will pushed up on his elbows, smirking. "That wasn't torture, Hannibal, that was revenge."

End Notes

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